

## Chapter 42

## Chapter 41 of the scarred Luna-

Amelia stood by the window, quietly watching the female soldiers train. Ana was already out of her grip and already playing somewhere nearby.

"Amelia." She called out of the women who seemed to be in deep thought. Amelia froze just for a bit, she turned to see Erin beside her and smiled, remembering how pathetic she had ran.

"Are you good?" Erin asked, bringing her hand up to Amelia's forehead and tucks the Strand of hair that was out of place.

"I'm fine." She blurts out without even thinking of the question. Erin smiled, saying 'I'm fine' is just the go to logic for most people.

"Wanna tell me what's wrong?" She asked, not wanting to spill the beans that she knows the man is her mate. Amelia opened her mouth to talk but hesitated, closing her mouth again. She looks out the window and shook her head.

"Amelia, you know I'm always in your corner." Erin presses forward, not wanting to crowd her the same.

"Everything is just so complicated, Erin." She replied and this catches Erin's attention. She quirks an eyebrow up, clearly confused.

"What is?" Amelia looks at her, a deep pin flashing in her eyes, it made Erin's heart ache. Amelia shouldn't have any pain, she shouldn't be feeling why kind of pain.

"He's my mate." She says, her voice not more than a whisper. Erin manages a smile, placing her hand on Amelia's elbow.

"I'm guessing you know already but that's not it."

"You aren't happy that he is your mate?" Erin furrowed her eyebrows. How is it possible that Amelia of all people wouldn't be happy. If Erin has been here for more than three years then in half of those years, Amelia has cried for her mate. Erin of all people knew how much Amelia wanted her mate. How much she craved for the intimacy that came with it and yes, she might have had casual relationships here and there but she craved it. She wanted her mate but no matter how much she searched, it was like she was constantly meeting a dead end and so she slowly gave up the idea.

She's twenty five years old now. Usually, female wolves all meet their mate in their teenage years, more specifically during their seventeen till their twenties but Amelia had searched for her mate for the past few years and didn't find. She's slowly given up the idea of having a true mate and was already thinking of asking Derrick to match her with someone from the neighboring pack. At least, if she didn't find her mate, she could be useful to the pack. If her marriage is arranged to some pack alpha then it would benefit the pack. It would make things easier and better if they had another acquaintance but now.. one day, she's helping out with the new wolves that had been seeking refuge in the pack and she finds her mate. Her mate who is you her than her. Her mate who is years behind and now she's stuck. Amelia doesn't even notice the tears trickling down her child until Erin wiped it.

She sniffles, looking away for a minute and wipes her tears like she wasn't just crying a second ago.

"Everything is so complicated, Erin." She says again, shaking her head to let Erin know the conversation is over.

"I don't think so, you look really Sad, Amelia and it hurts me



to see you like this. I don't know what exactly the problem is but I know for sure how much you wanted to meet your mate. Your true mate so why?"

"Because he's younger than me, Erin. What am I supposed to do with him? He's a fucking child. When I was seventeen and waiting for my mate, he was thirteen. Freaking thirteen and now that I am twenty five, he is twenty one." She blurts out, tears streaming down her face.

Erin opened her mouth to speak but gets cut off by the tiny hand pulling at her dress. She looks down to see Ana tugging at her dress, eyes wide and curious.

"Mama?" She spoke clearly and Erin's eyes widened, sharing a look with Amelia who had begun to wipe the tear tracks on her cheeks.

"What is it baby? Are you tired of playing?" Erin asked, bending down and cradled the pup's face in her hands. Ana's eyes were not on her though, instead she was staring at Amelia. She definitely saw her crying.

"Don' cwy." She pulls away from Erin's grip and holds Amelia's leg instead, trying to comfort her.

"I'm not crying, my love." Amelia chuckled, bending and scoops the child in her arms.

"Amelia.." Erin starts but is cut off

"Come on baby, let's go play so we can allow your mama work for a bit." Amelia says as Ana tucks her face in the crook of her neck, she's always felt more comfortable with Amelia's scent and it's no surprise Amelia is whipped for her.

"Amelia.." Erin utters, knowing she'd lost the argument when Amelia passes her a quick smile, turning and rushed away, Ana throwing her hand sideways as a goodbye as Amelia



practically ran off to avoid Erin's questions.

Erin sighed, wiping her palms off with her dress and turns to go work. For the last three years, she's worked at the quick infirmary Derrick had set up for any of the wolves that injured themselves in the pack. Erin has been able to grow through it as she's the one who head them and if it's more than she can, she sends them to the hospital. Since it's everyday the wolves train, they alway get injured and Erin is tasked with healing them.

She walks towards the tent that had been set out for her work just the by training grounds where it was accessible for the male and female fighters. Of course there was going to be a wolf when she got in and like usual, she wasn't disappointed. The person had his back turned to the wall, shoulders hunched in a rather unusual manner. Erin looks at his posture, wondering what had gone wrong with his training.

"Hello, how are you feeling?" She asked, looking to her side and picked up a pair of gloves as she waited for the person response.

"It's you." She looks back only to see the man from earlier. The same one who had seen Amelia and gone dumbstruck. The same one who is Amelia's mate. He sat on the bed, eyes wide with recognition, blood dripping out of his palms.

"W-what happens to your hands? Did you fight with a lion?" She blurts out, grabbing the first aid kit and a chair, plopping on the chair. The man chuckled awkwardly and maybe a little nervously, the top of his ears going red, he rubs the nape of his neck as he looked away.

"Well? What happened? Your hand is all bruised up." She sets the cotton wool, a bit of spirit to go.

"I Um, lost control while training." He replied nervously. Erin

looks up at him, eyebrows raised but she helps clean his injury.

"You lost control?" She asked, their eyes meeting for a brief minute.

"I-" he heaved deeply, looking even more sadder if possible his shoulders hunched in that weird manner she had seen earlier. Erin felt a pang in her chest. Already knowing what would cause him this sadness.

"S-She doesn't want me, does she?" He mutters lowly that Erin wouldn't have caught if she wasn't a werewolf obviously and if she wasn't paying attention even as she helped clean his wound.

She had no idea what to say, telling the man or is it boy the truth would only break him further and saying nothing would break him. Erin sighs, dropping the used cotton wool inside the bowl.

"She's just going through some things." She settles for, cringing internally at her choice of words.

It obviously doesn't seem to help the boy judging by the pout he was currently sporting.

"Don't pout, just give her time." She says, standing up to mix the herbs she has gotten last night for him. Drinking it would certainly help his wolf heal the wound faster.

"I'm not pouting." He grumbled and she could hear the pout in his voice, smiling to herself. She took out the herbs that had been grounded to

"Time?" He asked, hope evident in his voice. Erin smiled softly even though her back was turned to him. She slowly mixed the herbs with hot water, stirring it in a cup.



"Yeah, time, I'm pretty sure you know what that means, right?" She asked, passing the cup to him. He looks at it and scrunched his nose in disgust.

Erin rolled her eyes, her hand still stretched out to him "Take it and drink." He does as she says but doesn't drink it, only looks at her for an explanation.

"Why does she need time?" he asked innocently. Seriously, how is Amelia even feeling bad?

"She just needs time. Now drink up." She snaps but again, he doesn't drink it.

"What is it supposed to do for me?" He asked, looking at the drink with an eyebrow raised as though scanning it for poison.

"It's supposed to make you better and heal faster but it won't if you keep looking at it like shit. Drink up." This time he does listen to her and forbid it to the last drop. Erin smiled in satisfaction on seeing him drink it.

"Thank you, I didn't mean to upset you. I'm just very curious about things." He mumbled, bowing to Erin even though he doesn't need to.

"That's fine, it's okay to be curious." She says, collecting the cup from him and placed it on the table.

"M-my name is Zach." He says quietly, gnawing on his lower lip.

"Hi Zach, I'm Erin and her name is Amelia." She says, watching with a smile how the man utters Amelia's name like it was a treasure.

"Thank you Erin." He stands up to leave, although, not before being repeatedly again.

"It's fine, make sure you don't over work your hand and try to-" she doesn't get to complete her words.

Derrick steps into the tent and Zach is immediately bowing hysterically, almost loosing his neck and head in the process.

"Oh, you're busy? I'll come back later when-"

"NO!" Zach practically yells, stunning Erin and Derrick into silence. His face burns bright as he clears his throat.

"I mean no, I'm done and you can see her now, Alpha." He says in a low voice, turns to face Erin and bows in a 360 way, his head almost touching the ground. "Thank you for saving my hand." He says and walks out, leaving Erin confused because his hand wasn't dying.

"He's a weird one." Derrick commented after a beat.

"He sure is, Amelia has got her hands full." She says dismissively but Derrick caught on.

"What?"

Just then did Erin realize what she just said, "Nothing." She squeaked out but Derrick wouldn't be pack alpha if he was dumb.

"That's her mate?" He asked incredulously, already making his way to the bed to seat.

"Yeah." Erin says, unable to lie to Derrick in particular.

Derrick only hums, nodding in agreement. "She does have her hands full."

"So, what do we have here? Are you injured or sick?" Erin asked, looking over his blue for any sign that he's injured but finds nothing. Weird, she looks up at him only to find him already staring at her. She felt her heartbeat grow faster at



this, quickly averting her eyes, her cheeks burning a bright red.

"I Um- I wanted to give you something." Derrick says and this had Erin's attention.

"What?"

"Not here, come with me." He says, getting up from the bed, grabbing Erin by the wrist, her gloves still in her hands.

"Wait, I should get these off." She gestured at the gloves with a tight lipped smile. Derrick let's go of her hand and watches as she pulls the gloves off.

"How was the auction? You got back late." She says offhandedly, pretending to not care about it but she did, she cares so much about him.

Three years has done nothing to damp her feelings for him, instead it's brown over the years. He does something commendable and she finds herself falling a bit more. That's thing thing with Derrick, isn't it? He's a very commendable person and he does commendable things very single time. It has Erin falling for him every single time and now, she can no longer deny her feelings for him.

For three years, Derrick has treated her hold and cold, she had no idea what he thought or is thinking. One minute he is soft and calm with her and the next, he is just Derrick. The same Derrick who made sure she understands his supposed feelings for her were nothing but a mistake and it wasn't even there. She's found herself questioning his words every time he looks at her like she held the world or looks at her pup with so much care and affection but then again, he's there to remind her knowingly or unknowingly that he's never going to reciprocate her feelings.



**"It was interesting."** He says with a wistful look in his eyes.

"Anything happened?" She asked but he shook his head, not willing to tell her about his meeting with Liam of the blue moon pack. Erin has lived the past three years, growing from the person she was years ago.

"Come on, I have something to show you." He grabs her by the wrist gently and pulls her out of the tent. Erin could only feel her heartbeat going faster than it was supposed to again.